

CAMPFIRE TALES.



The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg.

This ode was written in the year 1864, set to music by J. B. Kevinski, and published with a dedication to the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac. In the same year, also, it was sung at a great fair held by the Society of Patriot Daughters, of Lancaster, Pa.

Oh! dark the day and dark the hour,
When Treason, in her height of power,
With all her gathered legions came
To waste the North with sword and flame!
Right onward, swift, exultant, proud,
With burning wrath and curses loud,
Up to yon chain of hills they crowd,
The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg.

As ocean-waves come rolling high
Beneath the tempest-blackened sky,
And rush with fury on the shore,
And rage and dash with awful roar,
So burst the foemen on that band,
The heroes of the fatherland,
As firm on Freedom's dyke they stand,
The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg.

In vain their utmost strength is hurled
Mid thunders that might shake the world;
Back from the adamant wall
Their broken ranks receding fall,
And slow retire with daunted mien,
While slaughtered thousands strew the scene.

The vale of death that lies between
The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg,
The Lord had heard His people's prayer,
And blessed the Starry Banner there;
For soon as Freedom's soil was red
With freemen's blood in battle shed
By rebel foes, their doom was sealed;
The sacrifice to Heaven appealed,
The altar, that ensanguined field,
The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg.

In nameless graves the vanquished sleep,
Where few shall ever come to weep,
But for her martyred sons, with tears
A monument the Nation rears,
And age to age shall pass it down
The story of their bright renown
And everlasting fame shall crown
The Rocky Hills of Gettysburg.

—Thomas Conrad Porter.

Criticism for West Pointers.

It appears that your paper, writes a correspondent of the New York Sun, has great faith in the military ability of West Point graduates, but a glance at the history of their performances during the civil war hardly justifies such confidence. Look at the records:

McDowell at Bull Run—with his left resting on the only road and his line extended in prolongation of that road, thus severing two-thirds of his army from its communications before a shot was fired. When the fighting began his little bunch of artillery was too far advanced, shooting in the wrong direction and absolutely and entirely without support. I have never seen the fact stated in print, but the first sign of discouragement shown by our infantry was when these artillerymen, led by the lead driver of the right piece, galloped to the rear, leaving their guns on the field.

Think of Rosecrans at Chickamauga—his army lost in the woods, and to this day no man can tell what he was trying to do with it. Sturgis at Gun river—whipped in a minute by Forrest, who had been a peaceful slave dealer till he was past 40 years of age; Smith—looking at Petersburg and then retreating without even realizing the importance of occupying the town; the absurd Red River campaign—planned by one West Pointer and, to all intents and purposes, conducted by another.

Then look at Antietam. It is not too much to say that any one of Napoleon's marshals could have taken either army and won a decisive victory in that Maryland campaign. McClellan could have beaten Lee's divided force on the 15th or 16th, and then thrown his whole army on Jackson, who, good as he was, could hardly hope to win against such odds. The worst of it is the movement required no display of originality on the part of the federal commander, for the trick had been done thousands of times and was hoary with age when Hannibal was fighting the Romans.

The other side: If a squad of Confederates had pushed through the gap made by Hill's artillery when it

stopped the Ninth Army Corps, "Little Mac" would have had another chance to show the world how fast he could retreat, for there was nothing in the way of such an advance except four pieces belonging to a New York battery, without a round of ammunition.

The chests had been emptied shooting at nothing before crossing the creek, and the corps commander, a West Pointer, had been within ten yards of the guns most of the time, apparently not seeing any absurdity in the cannonading.

When Burnside, early in the fight, reported to his superior that a force should be sent to protect his left, the commander replied that he had no troops to place there, well knowing that neither the Fifth Corps nor the cavalry had fired a shot that day. It would be interesting to discover why that commander was always asking for more cavalry, for he never used any except for escort duty.

A couple of hundred dismounted troopers, with their breech loaders, could have kept that cornfield so full of flying lead that nothing could live in it, and the confederate artillery would have been compelled to do their fighting from a respectful distance.

Another graduate, Meade, at Gettysburg—with a large part of his army so situated that it could not be brought into action.

Any one who served during our domestic disturbance must acknowledge that most of the West Pointers on both sides, were too fond of unnecessarily and clumsily assaulting fortified positions, and that all of them except possibly Sheridan and Hazen, were continually wasting ammunition in long range artillery firing, as if, like the Chinese tom-tom beaters, they imagined that noise won battles.

The academy on the Hudson has given us thousands of brave, good looking officers, but not one of them for soldierly ability and knowledge of the art of war has come within hailing distance of Oliver Cromwell, who graduated from an English brewery.

Boys of the Blue and the Gray.

As the ranks of the Blue and the Gray grow thinner the occasions for giving expression to their common fealty to the Union grow more frequent and more impressive. In these days of a reunited country, forty years after the great civil conflict, the command to "close ranks" finds the confederate veterans touching elbows with Union veterans under the one flag of the republic.

The Blue and the Gray came together at St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday in patriotic exercises of a most inspiring character. On the platform there were veterans of Mosby's guerrillas, of Morgan's raiders, and of the Grand Army of the Republic. The spirit of the survivors of that great army that came up from the southland was happily voiced by Col. Forrester of Morgan's command when he said: "Never mind whether I was in the confederate army because I was a single man and loved war or because I was a married man and loved peace. I was there. But the important fact now is that I am a reconstructed rebel, and so thoroughly reconstructed that there is no better Union man in the United States."

Death is now making heavy inroads upon the ranks of the brave fellows who followed Lee and of those others who fought under the leadership of Grant. At the last reunion of the United Confederate Veterans held at New Orleans in May of last year the number of members was reported to members of the Grand Army of the Republic on June 30, 1903, was reported as 256,510. On each side there is a rapidly diminishing host, and it is very pleasant to see the cultivation of a fraternal spirit between them. —Chicago Record-Herald.

I cannot do great things. I can do small things in a great way.—James Freeman Clarke.

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Bear and the Monkey.

A bear, with whom a Piedmontese joined company to earn their bread, essayed on half his legs to please the public, where his master led.

With looks that boldly claimed applause,
He asked the ape, "Sir, what think you?"
The ape was skilled in dancing laws,
And answered, "It will never do."

"You judge the matter wrong, my friend,"
Bruin rejoined: "You are not civil!
Were these legs given for you to mend
The ease and grace with which they swivel?"

It chanced a pig was standing by:
"Bravo? astonishing? encore!"
Exclaimed the critic of the sty:
"Such dancing we shall see no more!"

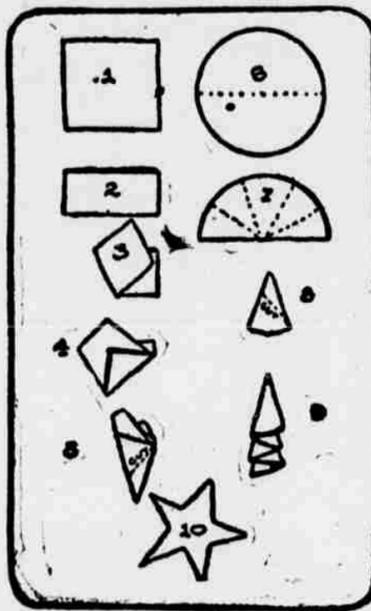
Poor Bruin, when he heard the sentence,
Began an inward calculation;
Then, with a face that spoke repentance,
Expressed aloud his meditation;

"When the sly monkey called me dunce,
I entertained some slight misgiving:
But Pig, thy praise has proved at once
That dancing will not earn a living."

Let every candidate for fame
Rely upon this wholesome rule:
Your work is bad, if wise men blame;
But worse, if lauded by a fool.
—Thomas De Yrlarte.

Can You Do This?

Do you remember the story of how "Betsy" Ross folded a piece of paper and with one clip of the shears convinced the committee from the continental congress that a star should be five-pointed instead of six-pointed? There are two methods of arriving at



the same result as did "Betsy," as the accompanying illustrations explain.

Game of Turtle.

Here's a game for boys and girls who have good, strong muscles. It is called "Turtle."

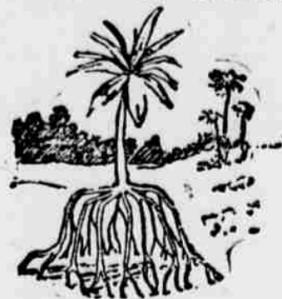
Any number may play, and no one player is "It," for all are "It" together. The game begins by each choosing the kind of turtle he intends to be. One perhaps is a land tortoise, another a snapper, another a mud turtle, and so on. Then they all sit in a row resting their chins on their knees, and each holding his left ankle with his right hand, and his right ankle with his left hand. This is a very difficult position to keep. At a given signal the turtles start for a goal a short distance away.

It is the object of the game for the turtles to waddle to the goal and back to the starting point without removing their hands from their feet. Many let go before the proper moment, the others shout "dead turtle," and keep on, leaving their unfortunate companion in the background. The rules of the game demand that he wait there until the first successful racer reaches him on his way back, and touches him with his elbow, by which he is supposed to instill new life into the poor dead turtle. The

latter immediately starts out again, and finishes in the best style he can. As there are always several dead turtles, he is never lonely in his effort to succeed. The winner is, of course, the one who returns to the starting place first.

Tree That Commits Murder.

The Cupey is one of the most curious trees in the West Indian islands. The seeds are borne on the wings of the wind, and deposited on the branches of other trees, when they burst into roots, which are dropped towards the ground—all around the "nurse" tree. In time these roots reach the ground and strike into the soil. From this moment the roots grow stronger and stronger, until



Cupey Tree.

they resemble a lot of rope ladders thrown over the tree. Next, the parasite sends down a great cord, which twines round the trunk of the supporting tree, at first as though in loving embrace, but it grows tighter and tighter, eventually strangling its benefactor out of existence. The "nurse" tree, thus killed, rots to decay, and from the immense fibrous roots of the destroyer now springs a great trunk, which rises high into the air. The cord-like roots rise often to fifty or sixty feet in height.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Baby Turtle.

Turtles, you know, lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun hatch them out. They do not lay them all in one place, probably because they think it safe to scatter them. Then, even though one be stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, one after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand, and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is that she has never been discovered going near these egg babies again, and when they hatch at last the tiny, soft-backed creatures at once begin crawling around in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world. A little girl who found one of these odd, oblong eggs on a sandy river bank in Louisiana took it home and put it in a teacup on the table for safekeeping. A few hours later a slight noise was noticed in that direction, and on looking in the cup she found a baby turtle, "full fledged," but tiny, scrambling about among the bits of its broken eggshell cradle.

Flowering Ice Cream.

Line a clean flowerpot having a two and one-half inch diameter at top



with paraffine paper, fill with ice cream and sprinkle with grated vanilla chocolate to represent earth. Wash well the stems of a few daisies and insert them in the center of the cream. Lay one or two daisies in the saucer.